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the physician cannot increase the stores of medical wisdom, if he cannot add lustre to the name of the profession, he can at least avoid doing anything to tarnish it.

We have thus endeavored to give our readers an idea of the varied contents of this valuable work, — valuable alike to the non-professional reader, to the medical student, and to the veteran practitioner. The author dedicates his book to his former pupils, who cannot but receive with pleasure and profit this rich legacy of their faithful teacher and warm-hearted friend.

ART. X. — *The Rise of the Dutch Republic. A History.* By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. In three volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1856.

IN the middle of the sixteenth century, the attention of the civilized world was engrossed by the impressive spectacle of the abdication of the Emperor Charles V. Seldom, since the days of Diocletian, had a prince descended from the throne to a private station, of his own free-will; and the interest of an event, so remarkable in itself and so unstaled by custom, was heightened by the striking circumstances of the case. The head of the Germanic Empire, king of Spain, the Indies, and the Romans, lord of Sicily, Naples, Milan, and the Netherlands, and titular king of Jerusalem, resigned, so far as was in his power, his balls and sceptres, to the hands of his son, Philip II., surnamed the Prudent. Forty years of incessant labor and over-eating had done their work, and disappointment and anxiety now came to insure the victory which fatigue and dyspepsia had almost gained over his iron frame. The shrewd politician had seen himself outwitted by one of that German race which he described as “dreamy, drunken, and incapable of intrigue,” and the first captain of the age, who, in the words of Alva, *nació soldado en naciendo en el mundo*, had fled from Innspruck into Flanders, in the disguise of an old woman, before the rapid charge of his former pupil,

Maurice of Saxony. He had been unable to gratify his hereditary desire of adding the tiara of the Pope to the circlet of gems that graced the brows of his family; Henry of France had avenged the wrongs he had inflicted on Francis, his father, and Solymán the Magnificent was ready to join the Pope and France in the invasion of Naples. The time had come for Charles to carry into effect his long cherished purpose of abjuring the rough magic of his reign, and after some years of diplomatic delay his abdication took place, with the stately ceremonies which are familiarly known to every student of the history of that interesting period. The most powerful monarch since Charlemagne, the man whose enterprising ambition stimulated him to such efforts as had the effect of framing the powers of Europe into one great political system, retired to the convent shades of Yuste, not to lead

“A philosopher’s life, in the quiet woodland ways,”

but to occupy himself as busily as ever with temporal affairs, and to indulge in continual excesses of eating and drinking, in which digestion refused to wait on appetite. The same hand that wrote incessant despatches to Philip, as to the necessity of “cutting out the root of heresy with rigor and rude chastisement,” was occupied, in the intervals of business, with the peaceful pursuit of gardening; and it strikes us strangely when we are told that it is to Charles V., that thunderbolt of war, that we owe our enjoyment of that pretty and familiar flower, the Indian pink.

It is a curious fact, that, on the same day on which Charles signed the first order for money to be spent in preparing the tranquil resting-place of his latter days, he wrote to his son to advise him to break off a match which had been nearly concluded between him and the Infanta Mary of Portugal, the only child of the Emperor’s favorite sister, in order that he might espouse Mary Tudor, and thus add another kingdom to the vast possessions of the heir of the house of Habsburg, — a proceeding eminently characteristic of the man who went among his contemporaries by the name of “*Charles qui triche*.”

“Bella gerant alii, tu, felix Austria, nube;
Nam quæ Mars aliis dat tibi regna Venus.”

A few years passed away, and the comet flashed through the sky, — the lily-bud that had lasted from spring to early autumn burst into bloom, to typify, men thought, the whiteness of the parting spirit; the silver cord was loosed, and Charles V. went to his own place.

The only qualities which the son possessed in a higher degree than the father were bigotry and the spirit of persecution, and they were developed in him to such an extent that the world reads the annals of his reign with a shuddering horror which increases rather than diminishes with the lapse of years, as the opening of new sources of information puts us in fuller possession of the odious details. The history of his reign is one of the longest and darkest chapters in the history of persecution, and all the other enterprises in which he engaged are but episodes in the great work to which he devoted the entire energy of his cruel and unrelenting nature. The philanthropist, it is true, extends his sympathy in equal measure to the unfortunate everywhere, and is as ready to shed the tear of pity for the miserable Moriscos in the mountain fastnesses of the Alpujarras, as for the wretched victims to the Inquisition in the public squares of Antwerp and Valladolid; but the mass of mankind are so constituted as to feel more keenly for the sufferings of those who die in defence of a religion like their own, and this tendency invests the history of the Rise of the Dutch Republic with a peculiar interest for the inhabitants of our own country. The interest is enhanced by the fact that it was in this same Holland, the land where the stern fight for freedom of religious opinion had been waged, the land in which, in the words of Schiller, "every injury inflicted by a tyrant gave a right of citizenship," that the little band of pilgrims rested, before they set sail, in obedience to the voice of the spirit of Liberty, saying, like Teucer of old to his companions,

*"Quo nos cumque feret melior Fortuna parente,
Ibimus, O socii comitesque."*

The care-worn faces of the Puritans, whom the oppression of James had exiled from their native shores, — those shores to which in earlier days the Netherlanders had been driven by the oppression of Charles and Philip, — were seen for a brief

season in the streets that had been haunted by the shadowy forms of the citizens who waited, stung with famine, for the slow but sure relief of the Prince of Orange. From the waters where gallant flotillas had been collected in the infancy of the Dutch naval force, sailed the little vessel with the crew that was to aid in carrying into effect the same plan that had seemed to William of Orange, some seventy-five years before, in the darkest days of his struggle against absolute power, to offer the only refuge of despair. The same plan, we say; but his idea was far more comprehensive, for he proposed to take with him all the inhabitants of two provinces, to pierce the dikes, and restore the country for ever to the ocean, from which it had been rescued. The spirit that impelled the Puritans to submit to any sacrifice rather than forego the privilege of worshipping God according to their own convictions of right, was but one of the many forms in which determination not to yield to arbitrary power was displayed in England in the seventeenth century, when Englishmen refused to permit a new dynasty to fasten on their necks the iron yoke of the house of Tudor. There is no doubt that the patriots of England were stimulated to increased exertions by their acquaintance with what had been and still was going on in the Low Countries. The echoes that the east wind wafted to their shores went to swell what Carlyle calls the "vast, inarticulate, wide-spread, slumberous mumblement," that grew and deepened day by day, till it burst forth in the majestic tones of a nation's voice, as Charles Stuart kneeled upon a scaffold, and Oliver Cromwell mounted to a throne.

The history of the struggle for religious freedom in the Netherlands, though possessed of all the claims upon our attention to which we have referred, in addition to the interest which we must always feel in every story of conscientious and successful revolution, and invested in itself with the attractions of a constant succession of striking incidents, the full development of remarkable and opposite characters, and the display, in the most vivid colors, of all the virtues and vices that adorn or disfigure human nature, is yet a field of inquiry in which much has been left ungarnered until our day. The flowing and perspicuous narrative of Watson, the

striking but fragmentary history of Schiller, and the agreeable abridgment of Grattan, may be said to have been all that readers of the English only have had to rely upon for information as to this period, and they have been very far from sufficient. We ought to learn the lessons of the past from full and trustworthy sources alone, and it affords the highest gratification to the student to know that what has been wanting to a complete comprehension of the course of events in the Netherlands during the reign of Philip is now most satisfactorily supplied. It is but a few months since we were put in possession of the first two volumes of Mr. Prescott's History of the Reign of Philip II., which brings the narrative down to the execution of Egmont and Horn, in 1568, and now we have Mr. Motley's History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic, which ends with the death of William of Orange, in 1584, fourteen years before the death of Philip.

To the illustration of this most interesting period Mr. Motley has brought the matured powers of a vigorous and brilliant mind, and the abundant fruits of patient and judicious study and deep reflection. The result is one of the most important contributions to historical literature that have been made in this country. It is characterized throughout by a spirit of great fairness and moderation. It everywhere impresses the reader with the belief that the author is convinced of the truth of what he says; and nowhere suggests a suspicion that he is writing in support of a theory, and that if the facts do not agree with the theory, it is so much the worse for the facts. Nor does he ever indulge in violent invective or extravagant praise, even where what he is narrating might furnish a fair excuse for one or the other, and he is as ready to bear his testimony against the misdeeds of those who espoused the patriotic cause, as against those of Philip and his servile ministers. The historian of an age in which one man is all in all, is under a strong temptation to have no eyes for anything except the virtues of his hero; but Mr. Motley has successfully avoided this snare, and he represents William of Orange only as he was, the sagacious, far-seeing, self-sacrificing champion of what he believed to be the best interests of his country.

Another very agreeable characteristic of the work under our consideration is its genuine sympathy with liberty, and the spirit of humanity which pervades it. It is evident that the author rejoices heartily in the victories of the patriots, when unstained by excesses; while we read the long and dreary story of the wretchedness caused by the Council of Blood, and of the enormities that attended the "Antwerp Fury" and the dreadful sieges of which Philip's reign was full, with very different feelings, as it is told by Mr. Motley, from those which would be excited if we were to read the same story as related by Mendoza and the other writers who look upon acts of the most infernal cruelty as a sacrifice of the sweetest savor to the Almighty, and believe that for princes "to convert their kingdoms into a hell, is their surest means of winning heaven."

A very clever and agreeable history may be written by a man who has very little knowledge, by adopting the method employed by the ingenious author of the *Essay on Chinese Metaphysics*, and a book so written may pass current and be popular for a while; but the lasting value of an historical work depends upon an intimate acquaintance with all the original and authentic sources of information, and a scrupulous fidelity to the facts derived from them.

"Melius est petere fontes quam sectari rivulos."

It is evident that Mr. Motley is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of this maxim; and, not content with making himself acquainted with whatever has been known heretofore in relation to his subject, he has gone to the neighborhood of the scenes of his narrative, and passed several years in a laborious and faithful investigation of everything bearing upon its details. The results of this patient and thorough search are evident upon every page, and much that was dark or imperfectly understood before has been brought forward into the full light. He has been particularly industrious in his researches into the correspondence of that day, both official and private, and the effect of this diligence is of a most satisfactory kind. Mr. Prescott asks, in the preface to his last work, "What basis can compare with that afforded by the written correspondence of the parties themselves?" Mr. Motley is of the same mind,

and the written and spoken words of the personages who played a conspicuous part in the Revolution in the Netherlands, particularly of Philip, William, Granvelle, and Margaret, occupy a large space in his volumes.

In Mr. Motley's style there is very much to commend. The narrative proceeds with a steady and easy flow, and the scenes which it embraces are portrayed with almost the minute accuracy of a daguerreotype. One well-drawn picture succeeds to another, and the strongly marked characters of the time are clearly and satisfactorily sketched, while the outlines of the most conspicuous among them are filled up with the hand of a master, and the lights and shadows so dexterously thrown in that we seem to see and know the men who passed away from life more than two hundred and fifty years ago.

The remarkable series of events that make up the period described in these volumes, affords abundant opportunities for fine dramatic effects, and Mr. Motley is careful not to let them escape him. It was a time when many could say, like Wallenstein, when speaking of himself and Piccolomini, —

“Our lives were but a battle and a siege,
And, like the wind's march, never resting, homeless,
We stormed across the war-convulsed earth.”

Fertile meadows shook beneath the tread of armed men; rich and populous cities were reduced by famine, or crushed by shot and shell, and sacked in either case; stately nobles bowed their necks to the headsman's axe, while harmless peasants were hanged at their own doors. The roaring of the sea was unheard amid the roaring of the cannon, the dikes were pierced, the waters wandered at their will through their ancient broad domains, and all the while grim-visaged war displayed

“a smile more dreadful
Than his own dreadful frown.”

The skill of the historian makes us see the whole as though a well-painted panorama were passing before our eyes.

A liberal culture is displayed by many, but not too many, literary allusions; and it often happens that a sentence is well turned by a neat interweaving of some striking line of Shakespeare. The existence of a vein of humor in the author's

mind is occasionally shown, and at times with very good effect, in relieving some sombre passage, of which there are of necessity but too many. One instance occurs to us as particularly happy. In speaking of the plan of assassinating Elizabeth of England, and putting Mary Queen of Scots in her place, the author says: "This project could not but prove attractive to Philip. It included a conspiracy against a friendly sovereign, immense service to the Church, and a murder."

The only adverse criticisms that we can make of the work under review refer to certain faults of manner. Although there is so much to say in praise of the style, it is nevertheless true that it frequently exhibits a want of the repose which seems best suited to the grave and stately guise of history. This is principally shown in an unsparing use of metaphors, which are often, it must be confessed, commonplace, and, were they ever so original and striking, should not be employed so constantly. Sometimes, too, they are not only not particularly striking, but are confused; as, for instance, where the Roman empire is spoken of as "undermined and putrescent at the core," or where men are said to be "diligent in corroding the bulwarks" of liberty.

The same want of repose is displayed at times in an apparent attempt to give animation to the style by the use of such expressions as "Fleece Knights," "the bald Charles," "governmental system," and the like, which are at best but ungraceful inversions, and particularly by a frequent introduction of the historical present. The use of this tense seems to be a favorite habit with Mr. Bancroft, but less so, perhaps, with his readers, and is one which, in our opinion, a writer cannot too carefully shun. Except in descriptions of the most stirring scenes, or where no other tense is used, it is almost sure to interfere with the flow of the narrative. It does not

"Break its gentle course to music, as the stones break summer rills";

but rather has a harsh and displeasing effect. We must not omit to state, however, that this trait occurs very much often in the introductory chapter than in the rest of the work, and the same is true to some extent of the other defects to which we have referred, and to which we may yet allude.

There is a marked improvement in style between the beginning and the end of the first volume.

We sometimes find sentences loosely put together, and words incorrectly used, in a way that seems to indicate undue haste in composition, and to suggest that the style would have been better had the writer followed the advice of Horace, and delayed the publication of his work. We may add as objectionable the occasional use of such Greek words as "asymptomatic," "synchronical," and a few others of the same class, which do not now occur to us.

All these things, it is true, are but minor matters; yet, having spoken as we have of the excessive and untasteful use of metaphors, we must now say, by way of offset, that Mr. Motley's metaphors are sometimes not only beautiful in themselves, but used with surpassingly fine effect; and it gives us pleasure to quote what seems to us to be one of the grandest and most appropriate specimens of figurative style in English prose.

"From afar there rose upon the provinces the prophetic vision of a coming evil still more terrible than any which had yet oppressed them. As across the bright plains of Sicily, when the sun is rising, the vast pyramidal shadow of Mount Etna is definitely and visibly projected, — the phantom of that ever-present enemy, which holds fire and devastation in its bosom, — so, in the morning hour of Philip's reign, the shadow of the Inquisition was cast from afar across those warm and smiling provinces, — a spectre menacing fiercer flames and wider desolation than those which mere physical agencies could ever compass." — Vol. I. pp. 321, 322.

We come now to a consideration of the History itself. About a hundred pages at the beginning are occupied by an "Historical Introduction," in which the author gives us a sketch of the geographical condition of the Netherlands, in its successive changes, and reviews, in a clear and comprehensive manner, the forms which its population and government assumed, from the time when Julius Cæsar threw himself into the hottest of the fight, unarmed save with his shield, "that day he overcame the Nervii," till seventeen fair provinces, sixteen centuries afterwards, were transferred by Charles to Philip. His narrative is in this part necessarily much

condensed ; but we derive from it a satisfactory idea of the early condition of a country whose later history he enables us to learn with minute accuracy. We have a brief but striking glimpse of Cæsar, as he "pacifies" Gaul, and "the sublime but misty image of Hermann" rises before our eyes ; and then we pass to the contest between Civilis and the generals of Vespasian, in regard to which, contrasting it with the wars in the time of Philip, Schiller makes the impressive and painfully true remark, "One difference distinguishes them ; the Romans and Batavians fought humanely, for they did not fight for religion." And here we are tempted to extract from the work before us a parallel between the characters and circumstances of Civilis and William of Orange.

"The contest of Civilis with Rome contains a remarkable foreshadowing of the future conflict with Spain, through which the Batavian Republic, fifteen centuries later, was to be founded. The characters, the events, the amphibious battles, desperate sieges, slippery alliances, the traits of generosity, audacity, and cruelty, the generous confidence, the broken faith, seem so closely to repeat themselves, that History appears to present the selfsame drama played over and over again, with but a change of actors and of costume. There is more than a fanciful resemblance between Civilis and William the Silent, two heroes of ancient German stock, who had learned the arts of war and peace in the service of a foreign and haughty world-empire. Determination, concentration of purpose, constancy in calamity, elasticity almost preternatural, self-denial, consummate craft in political combinations, personal fortitude, and passionate patriotism, were the heroic elements in both. The ambition of each was subordinate to the cause which he served. Both refused the crown, although each, perhaps, contemplated, in the sequel, a Batavian realm of which he would have been the inevitable chief. Both offered the throne to a Gallic prince, for Classicus was but the prototype of Anjou, as Brinno of Brederode, and neither was destined, in this world, to see his sacrifices crowned with success." — Vol. I. p. 17.

Civilis and Vespasian pass from the stage. We see Rome tottering to her fall. The procession of the nations begins to move from the *officina gentium*, to hasten her destruction. "The fountains of the frozen North were opened, the waters prevailed, but the ark of Christianity floated upon the flood." Change follows change, until the Carlovingian race becomes

absolute, and feudalism reigns supreme,—until the sceptre falls from hands that are too weak to retain it, and the people become the prey of the temporal or ecclesiastical lord, under whose protection they are so unfortunate as to fall. Then, says the historian, the people “build hovels, which they surround from time to time with palisades and muddy intrenchments; and here, in these squalid abodes of ignorance and misery, the genius of Liberty, conducted by the spirit of Commerce, descends at last to awaken mankind from its sloth and cowardly stupor.”

Then come “five centuries of isolation,” in which the power of the sword, of the clergy, and of gold succeed to one another. The few pages in which these three forces are described are among the finest in the whole work. The power of the clergy is spoken of as follows:—

“Priesthood works out its task, age after age: now smoothing penitent death-beds, consecrating graves, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, incarnating the Christian precepts, in an age of rapine and homicide, doing a thousand deeds of love and charity among the obscure and forsaken,—deeds of which there shall never be human chronicle, but a leaf or two, perhaps, in the recording angel’s book; hiving precious honey from the few flowers of gentle art which bloom upon a howling wilderness; holding up the light of science over a stormy sea; treasuring in convents and crypts the few fossils of antique learning which become visible, as the extinct *Megatherium* of an elder world reappears after the Gothic deluge; and now, careering in helm and hauberk with the other ruffians, bandying blows in the thickest of the fight, blasting with bell, book, and candle its trembling enemies, while sovereigns, at the head of armies, grovel in the dust and offer abject submission for the kiss of peace.” — Vol. I. pp. 29, 30.

Civilization makes progress, the Crusades are undertaken and abandoned, trade and commerce grow up, and with them the principle of reasonable human freedom. Most of the provinces of the Low Countries are united under Philip of Burgundy, by usurpation, purchase, inheritance, and his marriage with the unfortunate Jacqueline. The order of the “*Toison d’Or*” is founded, and Philip, with the emblem of the Lamb of God at his breast, begins to crush the liberties of the countries under his dominion.

Then comes the invention of printing. The Netherlands pass through the hands of Charles the Bold, to Mary, who grants the Great Privilege, the Magna Charta of Holland. Her son, Philip the Fair, "the bridge over which the house of Habsburg passes to almost universal monarchy, but in himself nothing," marries Joanna, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella; Charles V. is born, and at length comes to the throne; Martin Luther, in the words of Robertson, "begins to call in question the efficacy of indulgences, and to declaim against the vicious lives and false doctrines of the persons employed in promulgating them," and the Reformation is begun. To quote from our author, who seems here to have caught something of the spirit of Carlyle: "What need of allusion to events which changed the world,—which every child has learned,—to the war of Titans, uprooting of hoary trees and rock-ribbed hills, to the Worms diet, Peasant wars, the Patmos of Eisenach, and huge wrestlings with the Devil?" The introductory chapter concludes with a general survey of the condition of the Netherlands at the accession of Philip II.

The history proper opens with a picturesque description of the impressive ceremonies that attended the abdication of Charles V., and the author seizes the opportunity to sketch for us the appearance of the most distinguished persons who were present at the memorable scene. He also gives us an account of the manners and character of the second Charlemagne, and a brief review of his career, and indulges in a strain of grave reflection upon the emotions excited in the impressible minds of his hearers by his parting address.

"And yet," he asks, "what was the Emperor Charles to the inhabitants of the Netherlands that they should weep for him? His conduct towards them during his whole career had been one of unmitigated oppression. What to them were all his forty voyages by sea and land, his journeyings back and forth from Friesland to Tunis, from Madrid to Vienna? What was it to them that the imperial shuttle was thus industriously flying to and fro? The fabric wrought was but the daily growing grandeur and splendor of his imperial house; the looms were kept moving at the expense of their hardly-earned treasure, and the woof was often dyed red in the blood of his bravest subjects. The inter-

ests of the Netherlands had never been even a secondary consideration with their master. He had fulfilled no duty towards them, he had committed the gravest crimes against them. He had regarded them merely as a treasury upon which to draw; while the sums which he extorted were spent upon ceaseless and senseless wars, which were of no more interest to them than if they had been waged in another planet. The rivalry of the houses of Habsburg and Valois, this was the absorbing theme, during the greater part of the reign which had just been so dramatically terminated. To gain the empire over Francis, to leave to Don Philip a richer heritage than the Dauphin could expect, were the great motives of the unparalleled energy displayed by Charles during the longer and the more successful portion of his career. To crush the Reformation throughout his dominions, was his occupation afterward, till he abandoned the field in despair."— Vol. I. pp. 111, 112.

In the next chapter we are made acquainted with the early life and general character of Philip, one of the most odious personages in the annals of Europe, and a prince who may be compared, for the misery he caused, with the most cruel tyrants in any age or country. We cannot, indeed, say of him, as Macaulay has said of Barère, that he "approached nearer than any person mentioned in history or fiction, whether man or devil, to the idea of consummate and universal depravity"; but we may go on and say, that in him "the qualities which are the proper objects of hatred, and the qualities which are the proper objects of contempt, preserve an exquisite and absolute harmony." He was a gloomy bigot, without even deserving the credit of being uncompromising and conscientious in his bigotry; for he more than once relaxed the rigor of persecution for the sake of obtaining some temporal advantage. In person he was insignificant and unattractive, and the stern formality of Spanish manners found its most repulsive expression in him. His mind was very narrow, and possessed a strong taste for details. He was as false as he was cruel, and as licentious as he was fanatical. He beguiled the hours that were not devoted to the extirpation of heresy or the exercises of religion in profligate excursions into the lowest haunts of vice. In short, in spite of the terrible reality of his life, it seems impossible to regard him as a man like ourselves. He is so devoid of all the graces that adorn and dignify human nature and embellish existence, and so

made up of everything that is hateful, base, and repulsive, that he seems rather like the fiction of a hideous dream, than a creature made in God's own image. Such is the impression that we form of Philip the Prudent in this latter day. By a contemporary he is described as "*poco grato ad Italiani, ingratisimo a Fiamenghi, ed a Tedeschi odioso.*" Coming from an Italian, and not from a Netherlander, such words as these show how utterly destitute of all that could merit praise he must have been, who was thus divested before the world of the divinity that doth hedge a king. The casuist may find excuses for Philip in the general reception in his age of the pernicious maxims of the Jesuits, and in the hatred of heresy which had been excited by the Moorish wars, and still glowed in the national heart of Spain; but making all the allowances we can, he seems to have been, like Gloster, "determined to prove a villain," and to have found a positive pleasure in laying plots and inductions dangerous.

We have hinted at Philip's passion for details, and we may add that he was indefatigable with his pen, both in writing prolix despatches, or interminable letters to a correspondent who might be in the next room, and in annotating upon the letters he received. Mr. Motley has furnished us with a specimen of his commentaries, which we are disposed to insert here.

"When he received a letter from France, narrating the assassination of Henry III., and stating that '*la façon que l'on dit qu'il a etté tué, a etté par un Jacobin qui luy a donnè d'un cou de pistolle dans la tayte,*' he scrawled the following luminous comment upon the margin. Underlining the word '*pistolle,*' he observes, '*This is perhaps some kind of knife, and as for tayte, it can be nothing else but head, which is not tayte, but tête, or teyte.*'" — Vol. I. p. 142, note.

It is obviously impossible to follow the course of a long work at all closely, in so limited a space as that to which we are confined, and we must content ourselves with mentioning the most striking events, and directing the attention of the reader to what seems to us most worthy of notice in the volumes before us. Where all is so deserving of praise, this is no easy task.

The dark character of Philip forms a background against

which the form of the chivalrous Egmont, the hero of St. Quentin and Gravelines, is thrown into bold relief; but we must leave him for the present with no further notice than a quotation from our author, who says of him: "A splendid soldier, his evil stars had destined him to tread, as a politician, a dark and dangerous path, in which not even genius, caution, and integrity could insure success, but in which rashness alternating with hesitation, and credulity with violence, could not fail to bring ruin."

The concluding chapter of the first part continues the story to the departure of Philip from the Netherlands, where he left his sister, Margaret of Parma, as his Regent, with three councils to assist her; a state and a privy council, and one of finance. The treaty of Cateau Cambresis had been previously concluded, of which we will only say, that its most important provision was that the *status quo ante bellum* should be restored. We may add, that it was at this time, while William of Orange was in France, as a hostage to insure the execution of the treaty, that the king of that country revealed to him a plan that he had formed with Philip for the massacre of the Huguenot chiefs in both realms,—a piece of information that undoubtedly bore a great part in leading William to such constant opposition to the court of Spain. We may also notice here what was perhaps the first step taken by Egmont on the path that led him to the scaffold. The continuance of a body of foreign troops in the Netherlands had been extremely distasteful and oppressive to the people, and they were clamorous for their removal. This matter had been made the subject of warm discussions between the different states and the king, and besides the papers addressed to him by them, a formal remonstrance was drawn up in the name of the States-General, and this had been signed, among others, by Egmont,—an act which Philip was not likely to forget, for he was a man who soon lost thought of benefits conferred, but had a retentive memory for what he regarded as injuries.

Philip left the Netherlands, never to return; though many an agonized victim on those plains was to feel the power of his arm as stretched forth from the wood of Segovia. He celebrated his escape from shipwreck and his arrival in Spain

by attending an *auto da fé*, at which he made the memorable answer to one of the sufferers, a young and distinguished nobleman, who appealed to him for mercy as he passed to the stake, "Yo traeré lena para quemar a mi hijo si fuere tan malo como vos!"—words which may be thought to have found their parallel in a speech made in our own age and country. The king's marriage with Isabella of France immediately ensued, and thus "human victims, chained and burning at the stake, were the blazing torches which lighted the monarch to his nuptial couch."

The first chapter of the second part is one of peculiar interest, and deserves the special attention of the reader; for it contains an account of the youth of William of Orange, and a sketch of his character, which is a fine specimen of historical painting. It also gives us vivid pictures of Margaret of Parma, and of Viglius, Berlaymont, and the learned and eloquent Cardinal Granvelle, the members of the state council, and sets forth the spread of the Reformation in the Netherlands, the contents of the sanguinary Edicts, the enlargement of the number of bishoprics from four to seventeen, and the retention of the foreign troops, to enforce obedience to the Edicts, and to establish the new bishops securely in their sees.

The character of William the Silent deserves the most attentive study; for we should know all that it is in our power to learn of a man, the story of whose life is the history of the revolution in the Netherlands, of the struggle between weakness and strength, between liberty and despotism, between genius and powerful incapacity, and of the final triumph of noble and disinterested patriotism over blind, senseless, and sanguinary tyranny.

The most important matters in the following chapter are the growing unpopularity of Granvelle, on account of his undisguised endeavors to override the liberties of the Netherlands in his devotion to the interest of his master, and the marriage of William with Anna of Saxony, with the religious question raised thereby, he being still a Catholic, while Anna was a Lutheran. The conduct of the Prince of Orange on this occasion has been the subject of much discussion, and his enemies do not hesitate to charge him with gross fraud

and hypocrisy. Though there is certainly no ground for such accusations, it yet remains a nice question whether he did not show himself at this time in some slight degree a disciple of Machiavelli. Mr. Motley defends his conduct with fairness and ingenuity, and certainly, if the testimony of a whole life is admissible in evidence of character, he would be instantly acquitted of any dishonorable behavior. In summing up the case, the author makes use of these admirable words: "If the reader be of opinion that too much time has been expended upon the elucidation of this point, he should remember that the character of a great and good man is too precious a possession of history to be lightly abandoned."

In the next chapter we have a clear account of the three phases of the Inquisition,—its original form, as established in Spain under the auspices of Pope Alexander and Ferdinand the Catholic, and the Episcopal and Papal Inquisitions, as successively established in the Netherlands by Charles and Philip. The people of this latter country might well ask, like Juliet, "What's in a name?" It was little consolation for them to be assured, as they constantly were, that there was no intention of establishing the Spanish Inquisition among them; for, however entitled, "it was an agency for inquiring into a man's thoughts, and for burning him, if the result was not satisfactory"; and Philip himself said, "The Inquisition of the Netherlands is much more pitiless than that of Spain." The same chapter contains a description of an *auto da fé*, some specimens of the iniquities practised by the Inquisitor Titelmann, an account of the first interference of the people with religious executions, the so-called *journée des mau-brûlés*, the mission of Montigny to Spain, as envoy from the Regent, and the increasing unpopularity of Granvelle.

We come now to the correspondence between the three great lords, Orange, Egmont, and Horn, on the one side, and Philip on the other, on the subject of the continuance of Granvelle in office, and an interesting account of the train of events that led to the recall of that able minister,—a recall which the consummate art of those who arranged it has led the world, for near three centuries, to regard as his own voluntary resignation. The singular character of Granvelle, a

man who does not deserve a place in the first rank of great men, but who may claim the highest position in the second, is very fully and skilfully unfolded, and we are plainly shown that "the responsibility is heavy upon the man who shared the power and directed the career, but who never ceased to represent the generous resistance of individuals to frantic cruelty, as offences against God and the king." His great and various abilities were zealously prostituted in the service of despotism, and his enmity was the more dangerous to the patriots from the skill with which it was concealed. In the words of the historian, "perpetually dropping small innuendoes like pebbles into the depths of his master's suspicious soul, he knew that at last the waters of bitterness would overflow; but he turned an ever-smiling face upon those who were to be his victims."

The remainder of the first volume extends from the departure of Granvelle to the excesses of the Iconoclasts, and the subsequent granting by the Regent of the "Accord," which declared the Inquisition abolished. It is filled with important and interesting matter, but we must pass over it very rapidly. The spirit of resistance to religious tyranny was constantly taking deeper root among the people, while the determination of Philip to rule over none but true sons of the Church became, if possible, more firm. To the Edicts and Inquisition was added the proclamation of the decrees of the Council of Trent, of which it is enough to say, that they widened instead of closing the schisms in the Church, and excluded the heretic "from the pale of humanity, from consecrated earth, and from eternal salvation." The growing indignation of the people led to the substitution of midnight drowning for public burning and strangling, in order that heretics might not be nerved to bear their agonies with fortitude by the hope of being rewarded in the public estimation with the crown of martyrdom.

During the same period, Egmont went on his ineffectual mission to Spain, and it was after his acceptance of this embassy that William of Orange made a speech in council in presence of the Regent, in which he declared his sentiments freely and manfully, and gave the first great display of those

oratorical talents which afterwards won for him the reputation of being the most eloquent man of the age. About a year after this speech was made, the League was formed, and the so-called Compromise was written, and extensively signed by the confederates. It was followed by the presentation of the first and second Request to the Regent, and the consequent "Moderation," the only immediate good effect of which was the substitution of the halter for the fagot. One of the prominent members of the League was Count Louis of Nassau, William's brother, whose character is so well drawn by our author that we insert the portrait entire.

"That other distinguished leader of the newly formed league, Count Louis, was a true knight of the olden time, the very mirror of chivalry. Gentle, generous, pious; making use, in his tent before the battle, of the prayers which his mother sent him from the home of his childhood, yet fiery in the field as an ancient crusader, — doing the work of general and soldier with desperate valor and against any numbers, — cheerful and steadfast under all reverses, witty and jocund in social intercourse, animating with his unceasing spirits the graver and more foreboding soul of his brother; he was the man to whom the eyes of the most ardent among the Netherland Reformers were turned at this early epoch, the trusty staff upon which the great Prince of Orange was to lean till it was broken. As gay as Brederode, he was unstained by his vices, and exercised a boundless influence over that reckless personage, who often protested that he would 'die a poor soldier at his feet.' The career of Louis was destined to be short, if reckoned by years, but if by events, it was to attain almost a patriarchal length. At the age of nineteen he had taken part in the battle of St. Quentin, and when once the war of freedom opened, his sword was never to be sheathed. His days were filled with life, and when he fell into his bloody but unknown grave, he was to leave a name as distinguished for heroic valor and untiring energy as for spotless integrity. He was small of stature, but well formed; athletic in all knightly exercises, with agreeable features, a dark laughing eye, close-clipped brown hair, and a peaked beard." — Vol. I. p. 496.

All this time emigration was draining the country of its most industrious inhabitants, who fled from the wrath present and to come, and enriched the towns of England by exporting to them their skill in manufactures.

We must pass almost unnoticed the story of the assump-

tion by the members of the League of the title of "*Les Gueux*," which took its rise from an occurrence as trifling as that which gave the name of the *Fronde* to the faction opposed to Mazarin in France. As we read the picturesque account of the banquet at Culemburg House, the shout of "*Vivent les gueux!*" seems to resound as it did on that day, when first "from the lips of those reckless nobles rose the famous cry, which was so often to ring over land and sea, amid blazing cities, on blood-stained decks, through the smoke and carnage of many a stricken field." We must pay even less attention to the description of the field preachings, which were resorted to at this time by countless thousands in the neighborhood of the principal cities, and to the sad story of the destruction caused by the Iconoclasts, merely remarking that the latter contains many passages of exquisite description, and that Mr. Motley seems to us to defend successfully the authors of the ruin from the charge of having been impelled by the hope of plunder, or of having profited in any way by the devastation which they wrought. One expression, however, we must find room for. In speaking of the offerings which adorned the Church of Our Lady, at Antwerp, he says, "The penitential tears of centuries had incrustated the whole interior with their glittering stalactites."

The first three chapters of the second volume complete the second part, and bring us to the end of the administration of Margaret of Parma. They describe Philip's incessant dissimulation and his continued oppression, while he professed "to exercise all humanity, sweetness, and grace, avoiding all harshness." They show William going on steadily in his manly path, refusing the new oath of allegiance, frankly giving his reasons for this course, and resolving to protect the liberties of his country against foreign tyranny, while the doctrine of universal toleration, unheard of in that age, is taking full possession of his mind. It was at this period that he performed the difficult and inestimable service of saving Antwerp from the horrors of internecine war by his firmness and genius alone. We would gladly quote from Mr. Motley's eminently dramatic account of this exploit, but we must refrain.

By this time, Egmont had determined to abandon the cause of the Reformers, for reasons to which we cannot allude, except to say that they were principally his devoted loyalty and sincere Catholicism. Orange had an interview with him, and endeavored to change his purpose, but in vain. They met

“Like ships upon the sea,
Who hold an hour's converse, so short, so sweet;
One little hour! and then away they speed,
On lonely paths, through mist and cloud and foam,
To meet no more.”

The administration of Margaret was closed. Her parting gift to the Netherlands was a new and more stringent Edict, and a proclamation forbidding emigration or the countenance of it, on pain of death. The Duke of Alva was on his way to succeed her. We quote the closing paragraph of the second part.

“And thus, while the country is paralyzed with present and expected woe, the swiftly advancing trumpets of the Spanish army resound from beyond the Alps: The curtain is falling upon the prelude to the great tragedy which the prophetic lips of Orange had foretold. When it is again lifted, scenes of disaster and of bloodshed, battles, sieges, executions, deeds of unfaltering but valiant tyranny, of superhuman and successful resistance, of heroic self-sacrifice, fanatical courage and insane cruelty, both in the cause of the Wrong and the Right, will be revealed in awful succession, — a spectacle of human energy, human suffering, and human strength to suffer, such as has not often been displayed upon the stage of the world's events.” — Vol. II. pp. 97, 98.

The greater part of the second volume is devoted to the administration of Alva. We have spoken above of the administration of Margaret as closed, but in this we were not strictly correct. By the terms of his commission, Alva was appointed Captain-General, “in correspondence with his Majesty's dear sister of Parma”; but she found herself only a cipher after his coming, and continued her efforts to obtain the acceptance of her resignation until they were successful. The years during which this accomplished soldier was at the head of affairs in the Netherlands were so crowded with action and suffering, that we can do nothing more than give a brief catalogue of the leading events. He brought with him a small but per-

fectly disciplined army, demanded and obtained the keys of the principal cities, and insured their fidelity by placing garrisons in them. He established the Council of Blood, by the decrees of which eighteen hundred human beings were put to death within three months after its institution ; and though this might seem to show that its action was not to be impeded for want of victims, the sentence of all the inhabitants of the Netherlands to death as heretics, which soon followed, made sure of providing it with an ample supply. He presided at the meetings of this council, and his right-hand man was Vargas, whose concise and universal argument was as follows : "*Hæretici fraxerunt templa, boni nihili faxerunt contra, ergo debent omnes patibulare.*" At the same board sat Hessels, who used to doze at the afternoon sessions, and to awake for a moment only to shout, "*Ad patibulum!*" The incredible cruelty and utter disregard of every right of person and property displayed by this tribunal are well set forth by Mr. Motley, but it is a matter of too much extent and importance for us to attempt to enter upon it here. The same remark applies to the trial and execution of Egmont and Horn, whose common fate is one of the most striking and dramatic events in the history of the Netherlands, and a theme to which, as we might have expected, the author does full justice. We have already hinted at the displeasure felt by Philip at the course taken by Egmont at the time when the "*Remonstrance*" was presented, and as for Alva we cannot but believe that his determined malignity was owing in great measure to his envy of the renown that the Flemish leader had gained by the brilliant victories of St. Quentin and Gravelines, while he was doomed to wage meaningless wars in Italy. The unpardonable sin of Horn seems to have been his permitting the Reformers to celebrate religious worship in the Clothiers' Hall at Tournay.

The decapitation of illustrious men constituted but conspicuous instances in a course of undeviating cruelty and oppression. The imposition of the taxes of the hundredth, twentieth, and tenth penny was meant to be one of the most crushing acts of tyranny in the administration, but it was also one of the most senseless, and proved nugatory from the impossi-

bility of carrying it into effect. It fell upon Catholics and Protestants alike, and it resulted in doing all that was still necessary to rouse the people to such determined resistance as issued in the sundering from the Spanish crown of some of the fairest provinces of the Netherlands. Alva continued in his course of despotism, till the whole nation joined in the cry, "Let him begone"; and even the obsequious Viglius thought things were going too far, and "confessed that he had occasionally read in history of greater benignity than was now exercised against the Netherlanders." We will sum up his career as Regent in the words of Mr. Motley.

"It was Philip's enthusiasm to embody the wrath of God against heretics. It was Alva's enthusiasm to embody the wrath of Philip. Narrow-minded, isolated, seeing only that section of the world which was visible through the loophole of the fortress in which Nature had imprisoned him for life, placing his glory in unconditional obedience to his superior, questioning nothing, doubting nothing, the viceroy accomplished his work of hell with all the tranquillity of an angel. An iron will, which clove through every obstacle; adamantine fortitude, which sustained without flinching a mountain of responsibility sufficient to crush a common nature, were qualities which, united to his fanatical obedience, made him a man for Philip's work such as could not have been found again in the world." — Vol. II. pp. 178, 179.

We return to a brief sketch of the conduct of Orange during his administration. He escaped the toils that were laid to entrap him at the time of the arrest of Egmont and Horn, — an escape as fatal to the cause of Philip, as that of Fleance to the hopes of Macbeth. An act of condemnation was pronounced against him in his absence. In the spring of 1568, he commissioned his brother Louis to raise troops and wage war against Philip, strictly for Philip's good, and soon afterward an invasion of the Netherlands in four quarters was attempted by the patriots; but it was a failure in every respect excepting the victory gained by Louis at Heiliger Lee, — a victory which his want of funds made entirely barren. Four or five months after he issued the commission to Louis, we find the Prince declaring war in such terms as these: "We, by God's grace, Prince of Orange, take up arms to oppose the violent tyranny of the Spaniards, by the help of the merciful God, who is the enemy of all bloodthirstiness."

To this point, then, had it come. The smiling meadows of the Netherlands had long been darkened by the shadow of the cloud-rack, the thunder had been rolling in ever deepening tones, the blasting lightnings had been playing about them, and the crashing bolt had fallen upon stately spire and lowly cottage; but there was still a hope that the full fury of the storm might be averted, and its rumblings and its early violence forgotten in the joy and quiet of the succeeding calm. This flattering hope was now abandoned. Wrong followed wrong in rapid and appalling succession, and the serried phalanx of the veterans of Alva stood ready to march at his bidding, and savagely and merrily to trample out every token of resistance. To William of Orange it seemed that the psalm "*Quare fremuerunt gentes*," had long enough been chanted by the people of the Netherlands, and he thought that the time had come for leaving the disputes between anointed sovereign and outraged people to the dread arbitrament of the God of battles. Fame was not to him

"the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
To scorn delights and live laborious days."

The highest honors and the richest rewards in the power of a sovereign to bestow were his if he would do the will of Philip; while the chance of successful resistance was at best but very doubtful, and that slender chance depended entirely upon the most unwearied exertions, and the sternest self-sacrifice on his part. He did not hesitate in coming to his resolution, nor did he ever once falter after he had adopted it. He closed his eyes against all considerations of the interest or comfort of himself or his family, and devoted himself and all that was his unreservedly to the cause of his country. From the time when he made the declaration of war, to the day when the hand of the assassin cut short his career, important events succeed one another with such rapidity that we should not find space for inserting the heads of the chapters that describe them. The hope that William had entertained of relief for the Netherlands from the mediation of the German emperor, faded as he saw that sovereign begin to nurse the vision of having the Most Catholic King for a son-in-law. The prom-

ised "Amnesty" proved to be a mere mockery, for it proclaimed the forgiveness of those only who had done no wrong; and the prospects of the cause of freedom in the Netherlands looked dark indeed.

It was not long, however, before affairs began to assume a different aspect. The Dutch rovers, accomplished and adventurous sailors, including in their numbers many men of high rank but broken fortunes, made themselves every day more formidable by their daring exploits upon the waters of Northern Europe. "The beggars of the sea," says our historian, "asked their alms through the mouths of their cannon." Many of them bore commissions from the Prince of Orange, under which they cruised against Spanish commerce. We must let their earlier performances pass unnoticed, and briefly mention their first important service to the cause of freedom. In April, 1572, a party of them succeeded in obtaining possession of the town of Brill, on the Meuse, — the first successful siege of the Netherland patriots; and thus, says Mr. Motley, "the weary spirit of freedom, so long a fugitive over earth and sea, had at last found a resting-place, which rude and even ribald hands had prepared." The seizure of Brill was soon followed by the revolt of the town of Flushing, from which the Spanish garrison was driven, and thus the patriots had at length obtained a secure foundation on which to rear the standard of rebellion.

It was but for a moment that the banners of the patriots were "fanned by conquest's crimson wing." Not many months had elapsed since the discomfiture of the Spaniards in the island of Walcheren, before the shrieks of the Huguenots who fell on Saint Bartholomew's day were re-echoed by the dying groans of the butchered inhabitants of Zutphen, Naarden, and Harlem. The siege of Tergoes, which the forces of the rebels had nearly brought to a successful issue, was raised, to their unspeakable surprise and disappointment, by the almost incredible exploit of Mondragon, who led three thousand armed men, at dead of night, for a distance of three leagues and a half, through water never lower than the breast, and often higher than the shoulder, and relieved the place.

And so the struggle goes on. Berghen and Montigny in Spain are added to the list of illustrious victims to the unrelenting cruelty of Philip. Orange submits to every privation to aid the cause to which, like the patriots of our own land, he has devoted his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor, and orders what remains of his plate and furniture to be sold, to raise a little money to satisfy the demands of the soldiers he has enlisted.

“Turbine magno errant per urbes
Spes sollicitæ trepidique metus”;

but the fears preponderate over the anxious hopes. Alva earnestly requests leave to retire, and Medina Cœli is appointed Governor in his place. He arrives, quarrels with Alva, and at last withdraws from the Netherlands without assuming the government. The estates of Holland and Zealand refuse to acknowledge the authority of Philip's officers, yet without renouncing their allegiance to him, and recognize Orange as his Stadtholder. This Stadtholderate of the Prince, conferred upon him by Philip in 1559, is to be regarded as the source of his authority, and the ground upon which he exercised supreme legislative and executive functions in certain provinces. He is now clothed by the estates with dictatorial powers, which are limited only by his own disinterested firmness; and we must not omit to mention, that at this time, when so important a change in the form of government was taking place, freedom from molestation was solemnly guaranteed to both the Reformed and Roman Catholic religions.

The capture of Mons by Louis of Nassau, which happened at about this time, is an event which deserves notice both for the dramatic manner in which it was insured, and for the narrow escape of Orange in the siege in which it was soon after retaken. Louis had effected an entrance by surprise at a very early hour, with a few followers. His other forces not coming in to support him, he went forth in search of them. As he returned with them, “they found themselves within a hair's breadth of being too late. The drawbridge across the moat was at the moment rising; the last entrance was closing, when Guitoy de Chaumont, a French officer,

mounted on a light Spanish barb, sprang upon the bridge as it rose. His weight caused it to sink again, the gate was forced, and Louis with all his men rode triumphantly into the town." As we read the story, we are reminded of the escape of Marmion from Tantallon :

"The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise."

The siege of the place was soon formed by Don Frederic, Alva's son, and it was not long before Alva himself and Medina Cœli made their appearance in the camp. Orange was doing his best to throw reinforcements into the town, when Romero one night forced his lines, and his followers steadily butchered the troops of the Prince, as Diomedes and Ulysses did the sleeping Thracians, for two long hours, and then retired with a loss of only sixty men. Romero made his way straight to the tent of the unconscious Prince, who was roused by the barking of his little spaniel barely in time to mount a horse that stood ready, while his servants all lost their lives. A moment's delay, and the History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic might never have been written.

Another disappointment that attended the latter days of Alva's administration was the successful defence of Alkmaar by the patriots. After displaying the greatest heroism in repelling the numerous and disciplined storming-parties of Don Frederic, aided by repeated cannonades of a severity almost unprecedented in that age, they forced the besiegers to retire by laying the country under water, and thus leaving them no alternative but to flee or perish, although they at the same time doomed their own harvests to destruction. The veterans of Spain and Lombardy retired from a town that was defended by a few determined fishermen, and the inhabitants of Alkmaar were saved from the dreadful fate of Harlem,—a fate so dreadful that even the imperturbable Bentivoglio says of it : "*Resto in dubbio, se fossero stati più atroci, ò da una parte i falli commessi ò dall' altra i supplicii eseguiti.*"

Soon after this happy termination of the siege of Alkmaar, the patriots gained a victory over the Spanish fleet on the Zuyder Zee,—a victory to be regretted only on account of

the death of Haring, the Dutch Cocles, who had kept a thousand men at bay upon the Diemer dike until his own men rallied, and who now fell, like the soldier at Salamis, on board the flag-ship, the "Inquisicion," whose colors he had just hauled down.

Such were some of the reverses that attended the latter days of Alva in the Netherlands. The Grand Commander, Requesens, was appointed to succeed him, and arrived in Brussels on the 17th of November, 1573. One month later, the Duke of Alva departed. His attempts to fill the coffers of Spain by novel systems of taxation and wholesale confiscation had naturally issued in total failure. He left the opposition to his master in the Netherlands much stronger than he found it. His great success was in the character of executioner. The constitution of the Council of Blood was a masterpiece of ingenuity, and he is said to have boasted that he put more than eighteen thousand Netherlanders to death in the six years of his government, not counting, of course, those who perished in the battles, massacres, and through similar agencies.

The rapid decrease of our remaining space warns us that we must confine our notice of the residue of the work within even narrower limits than those to which our review of the administration of Alva was restricted. We assent to this necessity with the less regret, inasmuch as events constantly assume more commanding proportions, and matters of diplomacy more complexity and importance, as the History draws near its close, so that a little more or a little less does not make much difference, where either must be defective; and, moreover, our province is not to abridge what the author tells us, but to declare our opinion of the manner in which he has performed his task. The history of the last eleven years of the life of Orange is far more difficult to write than that of any previous portion of his career. The struggle had been between the many and the few; for though thousands were disaffected, yet it was hard to find hundreds, or even tens, to offer effectual resistance. The case was now changed. The inequality between the contending parties was diminishing. Rebellion had grown into revolt. Military enterprises were

conducted on a larger scale, more extensive interests entered into the negotiations, and France, England, and Germany became more intimately involved in the contest.

Whatever his subject, Mr. Motley is always found equal to his task. Whether he has to tell the extraordinary story of the unsuccessful siege of Leyden, or to describe the incredible atrocities of the "Antwerp Fury," a scene at which a man might well think he heard

"a voice cry,
'Hell is empty and all the devils are here'";

to narrate the events of a campaign, or the discussions of a meeting of the estates; to unfold the intricate tissue of a conspiracy, or to trace out a tortuous intrigue of Philip,—he is always *par negotiis*, while his skilful pencil successively places before us the appearance and character of Requesens, Don John of Austria, the hero of Lepanto, Alexander of Parma, the Archduke Matthias, the Duke of Anjou, and the other noteworthy persons in the latter part of the History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic.

The general temper of the contending parties may be described in a few words. The patriots became more and more determined to prefer "a drowned land to a lost land," while Philip was at least as fully determined as ever to have no heretics among his subjects. The result of this difference became slowly but steadily certain. Philip was to see religious conformity established throughout his dominions, but in a different way from that which he had anticipated; for it was to be by his losing thousands and thousands of his most valuable subjects, not by the halter and the fagot, but by their own secession. The blow was doubly cruel; for he not only lost his people, but had not the consolation of putting them to death.

The administration of Requesens need not detain us long. On his arrival, the patriots were besieging Middleburg closely, and he collected a large naval force to relieve it; but it was defeated in a great action by Boisot, and Mondragon was obliged to capitulate soon after. The Hollanders and Zealanders thus became masters of the sea-coast; but Leyden was invested, and Louis advanced upon Maestricht with less

than ten thousand troops, to effect a diversion in its favor. In the battle of Mook, which soon followed, the forces of the patriots were completely overthrown, and Louis of Nassau and his brother Henry were among the slain. After describing this disastrous action, the historian tells the story of a preternatural occurrence foreshadowing the result of the battle, which is so striking that we insert it here.

“Early in February five soldiers of the burgher guard at Utrecht, being on their midnight watch, beheld in the sky above them the representation of a furious battle. The sky was extremely dark, except directly over their heads, where, for a space equal in extent to the length of the city, two armies, in battle array, were seen advancing upon each other. The one moved rapidly up from the north-west, with banners waving, spears flashing, trumpets sounding, accompanied by heavy artillery and by squadrons of cavalry. The other came slowly forward from the south-east, as from an entrenched camp, to encounter their assailants. There was a fierce action for a few moments, the shouts of the combatants, the heavy discharge of cannon, the rattle of musketry, the tramp of heavy-armed foot soldiers, the rush of cavalry, being distinctly heard. The firmament trembled with the shock of the contending hosts, and was lurid with the rapid discharges of their artillery. After a short, fierce engagement, the north-western army was beaten back in disorder, but rallied again, after a breathing-time, formed again into solid column, and again advanced. Their foes, arrayed in a square and closely serried grove of spears and muskets, again awaited the attack. Once more the aerial cohorts closed upon each other. The struggle seemed but short. The lances of the south-eastern army seemed to snap ‘like hemp-stalks,’ while their firm columns all went down together in mass, beneath the onset of their enemies. The overthrow was complete, victors and vanquished had faded, the clear blue space, surrounded by black clouds, was empty, when suddenly its whole extent, where the conflict had so lately raged, was streaked with blood, flowing athwart the sky in broad crimson streams; nor was it till the five witnesses had fully watched and pondered over these portents that the vision entirely vanished.”— Vol. II. pp. 539, 540.

Leyden, which had thus cost the patriots so dear, was at last relieved by the aid of that mighty ally, the Ocean, whose assistance the Netherlanders were wont to invoke with such success. The exploit of Mondragon was imitated and perhaps eclipsed by the expedition of Ulloa, who led an army

through deep waters where they were sharply attacked by the Zealanders, and formed the siege of Zierickzee; and soon after Requesens died.

It was at this time, when Holland and Zealand were separated by the siege of Zierickzee,—when the Prince was wholly without funds, and Germany, France, and England, all refused to aid the patriots,—that Orange entertained the idea of expatriation, to which we referred near the beginning of this article.

Mutinies, common among the irregularly paid Spanish troops, broke out with unusual virulence after the death of the Grand Commander, upon the capture of Zierickzee; and their most disastrous result was the sack of Antwerp, commonly called the “Antwerp Fury,” the description of which is one of the most interesting passages in the History before us, and a fine specimen of dramatic prose. The loss inflicted by the mutineers proved to be the very great gain of the provinces; for while they were about their own work, Zierickzee was recovered, the indignation they excited served to bind the Provinces together, and on the 8th of November, 1576, the Pacification of Ghent was signed by deputies from nearly all of them. By the provisions of this document, a close and faithful friendship was vowed, and a mutual promise plighted to expel the Spaniards from the Netherlands; while the Prince was to be admiral and general for the king till otherwise ordered by the States-General, and the safety of the Reformed religion might be said to be effectually provided for.

Four days before the publication of this treaty, Don John of Austria, the natural son of Charles V., arrived in the Netherlands as their new governor. We must despatch his administration in a very few words. Regarded with distrust and hatred by the Netherlands, and with suspicion and jealousy by Philip, his career in the Low Countries was one scene of mortification and disappointment. The place for the conqueror of Lepanto was in the front of “battle’s magnificently stern array.” Unsupplied with money or troops, fettered in every way by the policy of the cabinet at Madrid, cut to the quick by the assassination of his faithful secretary, Escovedo, in Spain, his great heart rapidly wore itself away:—

“What doth the eagle in the coop,
The bison in the stall.”

He died on the first day of October, 1578, in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

The most important events that fell within the time of his administration were the lending of money to the patriots by Queen Elizabeth, the bringing of the Archduke Matthias from Vienna as Governor-General of the revolted Provinces,—a measure owing to the jealousy of Orange felt by the Duke of Aerschot, but made of no effect by the prudent management of the Prince,—the growing disaffection of the Catholic Walloons to the patriotic cause, the arrival of Alexander of Parma, and his victory at Gemblours,—a victory counter-balanced by the accession of Amsterdam to the United Provinces. To these must be added the forming of the “Union of Brussels,” which amounted merely to impressing upon the Pacification of Ghent the character of a popular document. The Pacification had been signed only by the envoys of the contracting parties, whereas the Union of Brussels was signed by all the leading individuals of all the Provinces. The Union of Brussels was followed, in about a month, by the treaty of Marche en Famine, or Perpetual Edict, of which we can say no more than that by it Don John ratified the Pacification of Ghent, and granted everything required by the envoys of the States, but, as the Prince believed, with a mental reservation to observe such agreements only so long as it should be convenient. He therefore refused to publish or acknowledge the treaty in Holland or Zealand. In the words of Mr. Motley, “ten thousand ghosts from the Lake of Harlem, from the famine and plague-stricken streets of Leyden, from the smoking ruins of Antwerp, rose to warn him against such a composition with a despotism as subtle as it was remorseless.” The sequel proved the justice of his suspicions.

Upon the death of Don John, Alexander Farnese became Governor of the Netherlands. “Of all the eminent personages to whom Philip had confided the reins of that most difficult and dangerous administration,” says the historian, “the man who was now to rule was by far the ablest and the best fitted for his post. If there were living charioteer skilful

enough to guide the wheels of state, whirling now more dizzily than ever through '*confusum chaos*,' Alexander Farnese was the charioteer to guide,—his hand the only one which could control." We cannot follow him closely in his career. Effective as was the exercise of his military talents, his masterly use of bribery was even more effective. "He bought a general, a politician, or a grandee, or a regiment of infantry, usually at the cheapest price at which those articles could be purchased, and always with the utmost delicacy with which such traffic could be conducted. A decent gossamer of conventional phraseology was ever allowed to float over the nakedness of unblushing treason."

While he held the reins of government, the "Union of Utrecht," the foundation of the Netherland republic, was entered into; and by this, Holland, Zealand, and the neighboring provinces formed a closer compact, agreed to defend themselves "with life, goods, and blood," against all force brought against them in the king's name or behalf, and provided for universal religious toleration. Two years after this, the United Provinces, assembled at the Hague, solemnly declared their independence of Philip, and renounced their allegiance to him for ever. More than a year before the declaration of independence, however, the indignation and hatred of Philip had found expression in the publication of the famous ban against Orange. By this extraordinary instrument, the king of Spain "set a price upon the head of the foremost man of the age, as if he had been a savage beast, and admission into the ranks of Spain's haughty nobility was made the additional bribe to tempt the assassin." This was answered by the publication of the "Apology of the Prince of Orange,"—a dignified and masterly composition,—a translation of which may be found in an appendix to Watson's History of Philip II.

We must pass unnoticed the connection with the affairs of the Low Countries of the Duke of Anjou, than whom "no more ignoble or more dangerous creature had yet been loosed upon the devoted soil of the Netherlands"; the siege of Maestricht; the first and second attempts upon the life of the Prince of Orange; and the other important events of this

period; finding room only for a striking picture of the scene presented at the opening of the fruitless negotiations at Cologne, in 1579.

“Here there were holiness, serenity, dignity, law, and learning in abundance. Here was a pope *in posse*, with archbishops, princes, dukes, juriconsults, and doctors of divinity *in esse*, sufficient to remodel a world, if worlds were to be remodelled by such instruments. If protocols, replications, annotations, apostilles, could heal a bleeding country, here were the physicians to furnish those drugs in unlimited profusion. If reams of paper, scrawled over with barbarous technicalities, could smother and bury a quarrel which had its origin in the mutual antagonism of human elements, here were the men to scribble unflinchingly, till the reams were piled to a pyramid. If the same idea presented in many aspects could acquire additional life, here were the word-mongers who could clothe one shivering thought in a hundred thousand garments, till it attained all the majesty which decoration could impart.” — Vol. III. p. 453.

We must pass rapidly to the closing scenes. In August, 1583, we find the United Provinces urging Orange to accept the sovereignty over them, while he is extremely reluctant, if not absolutely unwilling, to accept it. Yet he seemed now to be approaching the end of his long career of labor and sacrifice, and to be near the reward of his disinterested exertions. In the summer of 1584, he was living at Delft, and there he fell, by the hand of Balthasar Gérard, the most illustrious victim in the long catalogue of those who perished by the cruel fanaticism of Philip of Spain. His death is one of the memorable events of history, and should be narrated at length or not at all. The reader will find the most minute particulars in regard to it in the History at the close of which we have now arrived.

The characters of Philip and of William offer the most striking contrast. The mission of the one was to extirpate heresy; of the other, to establish universal toleration. Orange was always true to his high purpose; Philip more than once showed himself ready to abandon his dark path to obtain some dazzling prize, the most conspicuous instance of which was his promise to the princes of the empire to tolerate the exercise of the Reformed Religion in the Provinces, if they would confer the crown upon him. The Prince always did

everything in his power to prevent cruelty on the part of his followers, and never countenanced retaliation when his most bloody enemies fell into their hands; the monarch, on the other hand, revelled in slaughter, and evidently deemed wholesale murder an agreeable but not intellectual pastime, while he regarded a well-arranged assassination as a matter of high art, and found an exquisite pleasure in attending to its every detail. Any one who will read the story of the murder of Montigny, as told by Mr. Motley, will see that there is no exaggeration in what we have said. Both dealt widely in intrigue; but with Philip it was a passion, while with Orange it was only an instrument which he mastered and employed as a necessary means for attaining his high end. The two men have now taken their proper place in history. The evidence is put in, and succeeding generations will pronounce the same verdict. We quote here, with a change of one or two words, two similes, by which Mr. Motley illustrates their respective lives. Of Philip he says: "It is curious to observe the minute reticulations of tyranny which he spins about a whole people, while, cold, venomous, and patient, he watches his victims from the centre of his web." Of Orange: "The brave, tranquil, solitary man held his track across the raging waves, shedding as much light as one clear human soul could dispense; yet the dim lantern, so far in advance, was often swallowed in the mist, ere those who sailed in his wake could shape their course by his example."

It would be a pleasant task to follow William through his whole career, from his early youth, when his favorite occupation was "carefully to observe men's actions, and silently to ponder upon their motives," through all the varied phases of the arduous and at length successful struggle; but we must refrain. He who would learn the grand story of his life, and would acquaint himself with his magnanimity, liberality, commanding influence, manly courage, devotion to the cause of toleration, perfect disinterestedness, and genuine patriotism, may find the whole fairly and fully set down in Mr. Motley's admirable work; and as he reads he will feel his interest deepening, and his enthusiastic admiration increasing for the great and good man who was so truly in advance of his age.

Another William of Orange has held a high place in the

regard of mankind since the death of William the Silent. From the fact of his having ascended the throne of England, and inaugurated a new state of things in our mother country, his life and character are more generally known than those of the great antagonist of Philip. This may be also owing in some degree to a difference in the manner in which the two Williams achieved their triumphs. The king was often in the field, and it is the soldier of all the characters of history who suggests to us the most vivid idea. The Prince is more withdrawn from our eyes. We do not often hear the ring of his armor, nor meet his penetrating glance. He seems to us rather like the man concealed in the automaton chess-player. We do not see him, but he is close at hand, watching all the changes of the complicated game, and directing its moves with such sagacious accuracy that he is seldom beaten. It is difficult to make an impartial comparison between the two, on closing a book in which the life of one is depicted by a master hand; but upon the whole it seems to us that the first William was a greater man than his great-grandson and namesake. However this may be, we close the story of his life with the conviction that Mr. Motley's History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic is a most valuable contribution to history and letters, a work in every way worthy of its majestic theme, and one that every American may be proud to own as written by his countryman.

- ART. XI.—1. *Memoir of THOMAS HANDASYD PERKINS; containing Extracts from his Diaries and Letters. With an Appendix.* By THOMAS G. CARY. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1856. 8vo. pp. 304.
2. *Lives of Eminent Merchants.* By FREEMAN HUNT, A. M., Editor of the Merchant's Magazine. Vol. I. New York. 1856. pp. 576.

COMMERCE is now the chief estate, the controlling power, the paramount interest, of the civilized world, and its compar-